

BAR FOOD

At first, it seemed as if being close to the center of the force field meant having greater knowledge. This first inkling developed into a greater awareness. Over time the sensation only grew. However, it's soon became apparent that the knowledge was only a reflection of a deeper form of personal involvement with this power. Those at the center of this power were seized by the excitement. And they did everything that they could to expressed this understanding. But it had nothing to do with that knowledge. They were at the right place at the right time. And they saensed that connection. It gave them inspiration. It also tied them closer to each other. So they indeed believed that there was some thing else. It took a while before this state of being emerged. Sly and Ariadna Marquessa were right at the middle of this experience. By extension, Ariadna seem to reflect this massive excitement. That was why Vittorio believe the special connection with Marquessa even though she questioned his intentions.

In feeling rejected by Marquesa, Vittorio disdained this version of events. He attacked the notion of the force field. For him, it was all complete nonsense. But it had manifested itself before his arrival. It was explained in the art of Benzo or the discussions of Portia. This was the art that had inspired the city. This very possibility that gave greater energy to the claims of Sly and Marquesa. It was worth exploring this awareness because it could help make sense of these lines of force from an alternative point of view. It went back to physical description. In some ways, this eluded all the players. It was more a condition of knowing. Astra had her understanding of the artistic gesture. And she could clue into this other world. Her friend was a performer. She created dance pieces. And the sense of movement could be traced back to personal expression in the world. In a sense, it was all about these castaways. They recognized their alienation. They wanted to survive in this alone.

It was an economic system in which they were exiled. Their efforts could never reward them for their deeper insights. But there was something lacking in this depiction. Even Astras vision lacked a full bodied confrontation with the reality of this world. That was part of the overall presentation. It added to the marvel of this world. Was it a matter of submitting to this furnace? If a person stripped away the mystical concerns of Benzo or Marquesa, what else was there. None of these people could survive on the ineffable sparkle of being. Everyone faced that let down. And there weren't enough concrete relations to the productive forces of the economy. The contradiction was manifested here. But there was not enough resilience of the creator. More than ever the artist surrendered to a sense of helplessness. Rosemary might have seen it differently. She talked on about her work. She invited people to come visit her. And she didn't last that reunion for very long. But she underline an experience that was universal. These people gave so much of their time, they gave so much of their effort, but the real productive capabilities came to nothing. Sure, they could serve these marvelous recipes for the clientele. But these workers were so far from the actual decision-making process. Even if they were front and center of this process, they were still alienated from the overall productive experience. The economic system was constructed just in this way. There was a value more connected to the shaping of matter. But here everything was exaggerated.

Rosemary's efforts were very much connected with the depiction provided by Benzo. From self, he has learned these strict production values. And they could be transferred to any

kind of canvas. He could even demonstrate his skill in crafting a mural. He had friends who were metal workers, and that fact alone seem to give greater credibility to these efforts. Nevertheless there was some thing that was even more remote from the actual productivity of the world. In communities within the Phoenix area, there were other crafts people who also exaggerated the importance of their own efforts, all the while ignoring the deeper fabric of economic productivity. Sure, an individual could craft a part for a house air conditioning system. But this was not an economy of scale. So these cottage industries seemed to be the model for the larger economy. This ignored the productive capabilities that were still manifested in any agriculture or manufacturing. At one time, the artist had a clear connection to these productive capabilities. But art also picked up the alienation of the individual. And this sense of alienation became a thing in itself. An artist like Benzo expressed the severity of his own alienation. And it seem to buckle against the stresses of the society.

That depiction alone was enough to engage the viewer. Ultimately, there is nothing transcendent about this. The artist spoke to his personal feelings. He felt weak. He felt crushed by the world. For many, it gave him an authenticity. That was why others own demise call at heart. Depravity itself became of form of expression. Vittorio lodged himself within this kind of understanding. He believed that the world emerged for a brief moment. It seemed as if Vittorio had awareness. He was first attracted to the stylings of McKesson.

She rejected him. But he seemed to have an understanding of these faceless creatures night searching for a meeting. A couple more lines of coke or vodka tonics, he would be right there with them. He would feel against the machine. The socioeconomic philosophy subsided in this portrait. But it was more about an acquiescence to this moment; he might even consider this brutality is a badge of honor. Philosophers had embraced this sense of nothingness. It reflected the upheaval within the economic system. But it only concentrated on one aspect of this experience. There was never any sense of collective that could use this experience as a way of reconstructing the economic order. Vittorio only saw his own nobility. And he saw it shattered.

With the succeeding moment he was only more desperate. And he still believed that he would liberate himself once and for all. After all, in this context he had created his own version of triumph. Honestly, it was never that successful. But this was also some thing that Rosemary had seen. Rosemary exaggerated this sexual awareness. It was all part of her greater understanding. It was a total embodiment of the mail excitement.. This intensity gave the illusion that it could last forever. And this kind of congress ended up being everything for Rosemary. Vittorio wanted to take it further. He has been much more erratic. He wasn't able to create the same level of exuberance. But he continue to believe that the women here might offer him some kind of clue into this deeper understanding. And no longer had anything to do with any kind of artistic revelation. That didn't diminish his belief.

As Vittorio felt this level of dissipation, he only associated with associated it with some kind of initiation into am artistic awareness. He would later claim that he had derived greater insight from this experience, and that made him even more adept to carry on this artistic exploration. Nevertheless, down deep, he was nothing. He had faded from the scene. He had lost coherence. Each stage of dissipation came to mean something greater. Was this the key to the overall liberation? Vittorio had stumbled on some thing. He underlined the weakness of the initial artistic gesture. In its place was something that was all too evident. This was the same

place where Sly had run aground. And they both believed that they were irresistible. As they came face-to-face with her own inadequacy; they both became bitter. But this bitterness seemed to pervade the scene.

Vittorio had experienced it as a newcomer. But others were trying to to prime that same inspiration there exuberance might've been more intense, but there was less and less connection to any kind of artistic awareness. That was the commitment of these newcomers. And it might've seemed as if this was the source of a new energy. What did it say about the socioeconomic depiction?

“This is your opportunity to show that you have a deeper understanding of the world. You can continue to act as if you've been wronged. And you can use that feeling to obscure what's really going on in your life. This isn't true for everyone. A lot of people suffer from a lack of confidence. But you're supposed to your supposed to be the artist here. What does your creativity tell you? Your terrible actions have contributed to a bad situation worse, this kind of thing seems to happen again and again. You seem to be at the center of this kind of experience. So why are things happening this way you're going to have to do a lot of work before you can truly understand. That could be the basis for being successful as an artist. At first you don't recognize how powerful you are. You over exaggerate your own talents. You try to avoid your mistakes as if they never happened. And all these doors close. And you think somebody else is doing this to you. It's difficult to put everything in the focus. Only later on, doesn't make any sense. You try to make all the pieces fit. That's because you see what your role has been all along. You might've denied it at first. But you're the one who has been the cause of all this mischief. In a sense, it's admitting to your own villainy.”

“If you're even more perceptive, you would recognize the social causes of these kinds of behaviors. Maybe, you've tried to run from that understanding. It's easier to feel broken. But Vittorio, I've been trying to teach you a lesson all along. And you don't seem to be learning it. I think this is the real issue. How close can I get to the situation without getting burned like you? I want to think that I'm different. I want to think that I wouldn't yield to the temptation to be to feel superior. Everything starts to come into relief. Finally, it makes sense for me. This is not what I want. This is not what you want. Do you have enough willpower to figure out what's necessary for you? Why did the story even come to this point anyway? It's not as if you were really inspired by that deeper mission. This is actually the point that we can finally understand the physics. Maybe I can see things the way you do. And I would finally have to admit to my complete exile. But this exile would be self chosen. And it really doesn't make sense for me. I'm not lost in my past. I'm not pleasantly lost in my memories.”

“There's something else. What is that? Where is any of this going? I guess that I want more control off of that. Maybe that's worth it's all about it would take you 25,000 years to put it all together. You might try to find some shortcuts. You wouldn't be the only one who is locked out of your life. This would create a legacy. In some ways you might have been the creator of the universe. But you didn't like what you even made. So you just wanted to get drunk and forget about it. That's all that the universe can cough up for you. You struggle. You try to peel away these layers. But what is there really?. Could you be the one? And what way are you really involved.? I'm trying to compact those 25,000 years into a few weeks, into a few days, into a few hours, into the now. Do you even understand what you need to do for the now? What could that

possibly be? What do you want me to tell you?"

"Will you ever understand? Will you ever know? Will you ever grow? I'm not part of any of this. I'm the resistance. On the odd man out. We were supposed to write Rosemary's story. Maybe it's a story of someone who wants to hide. So it repeats again and again. And you think that you're adept. You think that you're running the show. But you've never even been part of it. And then you run the tape again. And Mandalay in that scene. But who is the guy? It's not Vittorio. It's not the writer. It's this guy, some guy you don't know. And he asks her, do you like to do art? Are you a painter? Each time that he asks a question he understands her. He feels that he's getting closer and closer. But no one can put it into words. If they could, it wouldn't be the story. Put simply, this is not that story. What really happens? What really happens with Mandalay. It's happened before. I know what the book is. It's more than fortune telling. It's rooted in a scientific awareness. But you can use it to tell your fortune. You can use it to describe how the worlds going to be. You cross your fingers. You hold hands. You take a couple of years, it all makes sense. These are all stories that you've gone through before. Now they're intersecting. Your best friend betrays you. You betrayed your best friend. You crumb the play. You say too much before it's time. You lack patience. It's all about patience! We try to sort it out to really make it happen, you need more investment capital."

"You want to hold on. He want to make T-shirts. I wanted to count for some thing else. What could that be. You've come to this point. And it could be easier. Everything funny makes sense."

Vittorio released a movie with total devotion to his audience. There had already been a great commotion about his earlier work. People had been taken to a new level of experience by his portrayal. In a sense, it was sublime. Granted, he had a devotion to violence. In this new work, we explored something more sedate, total obsession. He expressed that commitment; he filmed himself masturbating for the last five minutes of the film. It might've seemed outrageous in the hands of any other film maker. But Victoria made every effort to make it seem like a work of art. This is been the lesson of Reunion. If he could present himself as always ready with the fullness of commitment and the constancy of desire, any woman would submit to his vision. Such an awareness was represented most assuredly by Rosemary.

Rosemary waited for some guy to approach her Who had total confidence about his ability to perform? He could provide her with lasting pleasure. This experience to be expressed entirely as its physical connection. Intensity would be so overwhelming. He wouldn't waver. He had no doubts about what he was able to do. It had taken Vittorio years to attain that awareness. Suddenly, he was able to present it with total certainty. The audience was totally absorbed by this presentation. This was the kind of thing that Rosemary understood in its entirety. That was why she went to Reunion. She wanted to be convinced by some guy who was totally confident about himself. It really mattered little if anything else was going on in her life. This was her only concern. And she could put everything else out of her mind. This was how she saw work.

In looking at her experience, the observer could recognize how Rosie felt a little disheartened. Rosie wanted to take control back from guys like this. She understood what it all meant. In the moment, the sky was given to total exaggeration, but he would never be able to sustain this experience overtime. Did Rosie reject the presentation offered by Vittorio? Was she the counter argument? What could that possibly mean? She had her own moments when she

wanted to forget everything terrible about her experience. And this total devotion to desire seemed like a foundation for this kind of forgetting.

Perhaps, that was the lament expressed in Vittorio's film; he wasn't the first saw his experience in this way. The cinematic image constructed this close connection between the film maker and the observer. The audience was drawn in by this kind of excitement. In a personal way, people wanted their emotions to have this kind of validity. Nevertheless, there was something that was always so subjective about such an experience Vittorio was taking it in another direction. He was putting himself on the line. He was telling everybody that nothing else mattered. He was surrendering himself to this massive excitement. The audience might wonder what was going on. People would question selves. They might find his presentation outlandish. But it wasn't meant that way. He was surrendering himself to the audience. This was a total effacement of the self. Everything was given to desire. Under such conditions, he could appear to be totally vulnerable . But there was this other side that was triumphant. Even in this forgetting, Vittorio seem to rise above the moment. For the time being this could be the authenticity of the cinematic representation. For that reason, it seemed wonderful. And Vittorio could delight in such expression. It gave reassurance to his audience that it could be more than it was. You believed that myth would reveal.

Some people might've been scandalized by what they saw.

"Do I need to explain this to you, bro? It's simple it's a pact between brothers. Weak ass guys like you don't understand. But any brother does. He would fight to the death to protect his honor. Doing his total respect disrespect. My friend Alice killed his ex because she was talking to one of his friends behind his back. Then he shot himself. I felt the same way myself. There's a moment in your life you can't take this kind of shit anymore. You have to be the enforcer. That's how things work. So if Vittorio is threatening you, that's well and is right. And you're being a total pussy by not submitting. You need to tell this girl to fuck off. She's playing the both of you. If you can't see that, then you have no idea what's going on."

"What are you telling me Marcus? If I took that to heart I would never talk to any girl at reunion because he's tried to tag all of them as his own. You need to recognize that this one's special. He thought about having a family with her. That's just something he says to women to get them to submit; he's not the only one who says the same thing. They all claim that they're going to quit acting like players. They're gonna focus on one woman. And they tell her that they'll change, they can have babies together. Guys like this are crazy. They don't even understand what it is to have a child in the first place. They've accommodated to their own mistreatment as children, and they don't understand the causes of that mistreatment. So they're willing to foster it on a new family."

"I'm not saying that he should be sterilized. It's just that you can't give any credibility to any of his claims about family. It's what it means to have a boyfriend this guys. They use this word to tie down the girl, but I think it's in the nature of a man to have sex with as many women as possible. So that becomes an excuse. You can do that on a whim. You can be out somewhere and feel that. That's all part of his nature. You've got a break it down that way. That's how it works. That's how our emotions work. Some people try to act all tough. It's OK to tell women what to do. Some women by that. And that's what's tricky about this thing they called a relationship. People start throwing their common sense out the window. Instead of developing

rational planning about their lives, everything gets haphazard. You can understand this experience if this is what happens after you get drunk some night. But if this becomes your life, there's no kind of life at all. Does it have to be any simpler?"

"I want to give a greater credibility. But it doesn't work that way. It wasn't as if I intervened break up a relationship. After I learned what was going on with her, it wasn't as if I decided to reject her. I listened. I think this is the tricky thing. Vittorio was under a lot of stress. Let's say that he said things that he shouldn't have said. Nevertheless, that's always been part of his nature. And honestly, it got me sick that people would go along with it. I think that Mandalay gave some credibility that it would never work. She still holds on to that because it was part of her decision-making process. It's not up to somebody else to take away her autonomy."

"Nevertheless, I know who he is. I know how he's acted. And it isn't as if something changed along the way. It's been like this from the beginning. If he's going to go over the edge or something like this there's really nothing there. And he doesn't have any justification. I think that there was a point that this might've been fascinating. It was this young creative guy sharing his insights with the women in the club. And they may have given validity into his creative project. Nevertheless, as he got to know people. It's true colors came out. When he was fucked up, none of it mattered. There was no code on his part, there was no respect for you to go after any woman that was available. And he felt as if this was some kind of testament to his ability. Honestly, it was complete nonsense. No one could see it any other way but he wanted to pretend. He wanted to see a different one. He thought this whole experience was a feather in his cap. Improved his manhood. Improved his artistry. Maybe that kind of behavior would've been cool at some other bar. But there was nothing OK about it here. It was more than evident. That's how it all happened. He might call other peoples snakes. But he was Satan in our midst."

"Honestly, I snapped. He could've read about this all along. I was putting on one face for him. And another for the rest of the world. Maybe I'm the monster. Maybe I'm doing it worse than he is. But I hardly think so let him demonstrate to the world what kind of artistic power he actually has. We are all in anticipation of what is to come. We congratulate his artistry. We give him credit for capturing how people talk to each other. There's a genius in his dialogue. It shows a deeper understanding in his personality. It would be worthy to invest in someone like this. He could show the world his wonderful day. What does any of this mean. Can any of us be honest with each other? What are you asking for me? What do you need me to do? Is there some thing missing from this picture? should I add my own trail deal with any of this

"You aren't telling me anything that I don't know."

"The fly falls into the web."

"The struggle boy."

"You're old enough to be my grandfather."

"YOU ARE FINISHED."

"I DID THIS FOR KATRINA. And you are not going to like how I did it."

"Can we just talk?"

"Of course."

"The revenge."

"I listened to your music. I read your books, and you did this to me."

"I felt as if I was getting back at the universe for wronging me in some fundamental way.

How had it come to this point? I wanted to maintain some kind of order. And I was on the verge of violating my own principles.”

“You are no different than I am. You want everyone to love you exclusively. What are you willing to give in return.”

“I WANT MY JACKET BACK.”

“I don’t really see the appeal of the nightlife. Everyone pretends to be someone that she isn’t. I don’t want that to happen to me. I am happy with who I am. I just see a lot of depressed people acting as if they’re having fun. These are all cardboard emotions. There is a lot more to me. I don’t want to dress just for some guy to oggle me all night.”

“I don’t even like how this works. Some guy has been staring at me all night. Then he tells me that he been thinking about me. Andvhe asks me what kind of music I like. What does he want me to say to that? We both like Sundays, and I want to go home and suck his cock. His body is some kind of temple, and I need to worship him.”

“Why do you even like hanging around at this place. You’re supposed to be my friend. But you give me that glint of your eye as if you’re some kind of player. Maybe, that gets you off in your own way. But it does nothing for me. I don’t want to talk about Picasso with some stranger, who analyzes my every word as if it’s biblical.”:

“I have barely talked to some guy, and he asks me why I don’t like him anymore. I never liked him in the first place. Why do you think that it is any different for you? Are you just trying to deal with your frustrations? And one day, you are going to hear what you need to hear from some new girl. And that is going to make you feel as if what you are writing is important.”

“Nothing is ever that serious.”

“Is that what you say when you need to let things go?”

“I only want you to be honest about what’s going on in your life. I can admit what needs to be said about my life. I can deal with things with brutal honesty. Are you even that skillful?”

“I really don’t know how you can do it. I would have to be drunk all the time to be a part of this. I leave there with a sore stomach. I don’t want to go back. Everyone around me is doing things that they are going to regret, and I feel as if someone is trying to hypnotize me to do the same.”

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“All these girls deform themselves to look like someone who they are not. There are fake nails and fake lashes. But they don’t want to stop there. I see this at work. Everyone wants to mess with who they really are to become some freak of nature. I don’t want to become like that. I can see how anyone can come back from that kind of experience.”

“Even if you start to like me, you are going to be exactly the same. You are just waiting for someone new to give you that sparkling smile. When she shows up, you will forget me once and for all.”

I wonder if that was what happened to Rels. I was convinced that she would tell me what I needed to hear to end the story. And she disappeared in the night as if I had never missed her at all. I felt so terrible. This was supposed to amount to something.

“Did you really think that anything would happen with that?”

“I don’t want you to hate me.”

“It is all heading towards hate.”

“You start to doubt yourself.”

“Do you need another drink?”

“You have no idea what I need.”

“She was way too young for you.”

“What about you?”

“I am older than you know.”

“What is that about?”

“Have we seen all the variations?”

“You are thinking too hard about this.”

“And what will develop down the line.”

“You will kiss a passel of fucking frogs before you finally kiss that one that you like.”

“I thought that there was some kind of prince involved.”

“That prince never loves you for you.”

“I knew you before any of this happened.”

“Then we are really in the middle of our loneliness.”

“That sound like the beggining of a relationship.”

“I WILL BE RIGHT BACK.”

“Can I handle all this?”

“Can I?”

“Make me a snack.”

“I can give you everything that you need.”

“Who is going to say this?”

“This made a lot of sense in the beginning.”

“They are digging it.”

“Do I really have to listen to this?”

“There is no choice.”

“I am trying to get Rels to materialize.”

“This is a deal breaker.”

“How is that?”

“Do I need to watch this?”

“This is not the worse thing.”

“What do you care about?”

“You need a little sensitivity to the larger issues.”

“What was she afraid of?”

“They are coming for you.”

“Of course, they are.”

“Do you have everything that I need.”

“They all say that.”

“Are you threatening me?”

“Are you afraid?”

“Make me afraid.”

“This is the scary part.”

“There is this nightmare in your life.”

“And you believe that you are controlling it.”

“Where did you start?”

“I want to be a part of this.”

“Shuffle the cards.”

“That is the only way that you can make sure that you do not repeat the same thing over and over again.”

“I want to quit.”

“Why are trying to kill me?”

“We are a sharing kind.”

“Do I need to wait?”

“You always need to wait.”

“Honestly, what gives you the right to think that you can hang around with my ex? You’re some old pedophile in the corner with your computer trying to entice drunken girls to come fuck you. I am going to have a family. I am going to have babies. And when I see you, I am going to kick your ass. I am going to fucking kill you, and I will tell the police that you fucked my girl. And they are going to laugh, they are going to pat me on the back. Then they are going to let me go.”

“I am still trying to make sneense of what you are saying to me.”

“Your life is over. You had your chance. You can’t even publish your novel. And you hang around a bar and think that makes you some kind of celebrity.”

“You leave, and then they all make fun of you. You are a fucking loser.”

“It is a lot more complex than that.”

“What is your name anyway?”

“I do not know.”

“I feel as if there is something that I should say, and I cannot.”

“Are you happy with your life?”

“I know him.”

“Give me just a second.”

“Here is a second.”

“I am having a rough time.”

“This guy threatens to kill you, and he doesn’t even live here. He is talking out of his hat.”

“What kind of guy are you? You are fucking your best friend’s ex. Someone should put a bullet through your forehead. No real man does what you are doing. It shows some kind of weakness on your part.”

“I am weak.”

“Can you take a punch?”

“You are going to need to stand up and show the world world what you are made of.”

“I have waited all my life for this.”

“And we all listen to this over and over again.”

“YOU PRETEND THAT YOU DO NOT CARE. BUT YOU DO. THAT IS ALL THAT YOU THINK ABOUT.”

“You are waiting for him to show up, and what is he going to offer you?”

“What are you expecting to happen from any of this?”

“I am going to be motivated to do something more.”

“This was something that you care about.”

“This is all that you care about.”

“He has a philosophy that is uniquely his.”

“What else is going on?”

“Do you know anything about the banks?”

“I am am my own bank.”

“I was really drunk that night.”

“LOOK AT ME. THIS COULD BE MY STORY.”

“What do you want me to tell you?”

“I will ask for another helping?”

“I’ve got a camera.”

“They contacted me. They wanted me to work on an album together.”

“This is not what I really care about.”

“I am too deep in this to quit.”

“Only Rels can rescue me.”

“Dream on.”

“Then we all stop talking.”

“And you come back.”

“We all come back.”

“What does that do for you?”

“Is the novelty over?”

“More than that.”

“That was cute for a while.”

“I will go home and pretend.”

“Mandalay, I am trying to get down your story.”

“What really happened?”

“Is it really worth it?”

“I am going to have a lot of difficulty to explain this to you.”

“We spend all this time together, and I want to believe that something is going. I am not saying that it is some thing. But I feel this connection.”

“And we go to this terrible movie, and it is even worse than anything that I can imagine. And you have this big smile on your face.”

“What are you saying?”

“They will all hate you in the end.”

“I want to be fair.”

“No one wants to be fair.”

“I finally admit that I am the worst mother fucker in the world, and there is so much that I need to be sorry for.”

“Where are we going home to?”

“The dog house.”

“Keep going until you feel that it is all over.”

“It is finally over.”

“Finally.”

“What is any of that about?”

“This is all too big for me.”

“That would have been perfect.”

“Then it got twisted, and more twisted than ever.”

“This does not make any sense to anyone.”

“I am going to make you an offer.”

“Make it!”

“I am not coming back.”

“That is the flesh.”

“What else is there?”

“You tell me.”

“I think that we need a fill.”

“I will get it down.”

She was going in for a medical procedure. It was pretty serious stuff.

“You worry about this stuff.”

“I owe them my heart.”

“The whole world is changing around me.”

“I listen to this guy.”

“Do you wrestle kittens?”

“She is going to carry my baby.”

“She has been artificially inseminated.”

“What dd they put in there?”

“What makes us the way that we are?”

“I paid the money. That is the freakiest movies that I have ever seen.”

“Are you still a part of this?”

“I am not that freaky.”

“Where is this going to take you?”

“It is going to make me care.”

“What did you forget?”

“The gas.”

“The diapers.”

“None of this means much of anything. But you are not going to be able to carry this to fruition.”

“Keep working.”

“Work it out.”

“I am learning thing that I did not know.”

“Do not die on me.”

“What are you drinking?”

“A glass of heartache.”

“Where will that take you?”

“I bend steel.”

“And that works well for you.”

“That works well for you.”

Mandalay had created a complete world for herself.

“Do you want to keep me there.”

“Are you funny?:”

“I am naturally funny.”

“That is hopeless.”

“Are you naturally attractive.”

“I want to close my eyes and pretend that I am not here.”

“I want the words to keep on flowing.”

“If I could get a train out of here, I would be on it.”

“You create your own obstacles to your progress.”

“Take on something serious, and you will see that it is nothing like that.”

“What does that mean?”

“A lot of learning. A lot of figuring out. You are too rebellious to take it beyond that point.”

Are you talking to me?”

“I am not sure who I am talking to.”

“Now, I feel all right.”
 “Fuck it.”
 “It is always likee that.”
 “And you bring Jacqueline to life. And you try to bring me to life. But I do not work like that.”
 “You still yield to biology even after it ambushes you.”
 “What is really happening?”
 “I go through hell.”
 “I want to join in.”
 “THE WORST PART IS MEETING SOMEONE THAT YOU LOVE, THEN YOU HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE WORLD AS IT REALLY IS.”
 “What is that about?”
 “Do you feel powerless?”
 “I sure do.”
 “You just need one of these. It can make you feel powerful.”
 “Where did you go?”
 “I went to sleep, asshole.”
 “Love means shutting my mouth.”
 “I never got what I bargained for.”
 “The fly just hangs there in the web.”
 “What is that about?”
 “He is going to tell me that I am lovely.”
 “That will not do it.”
 “You think that it does.”
 “And you fall over in front of everyone.”
 “How did that even happen?”
 I had gone through so much shit from guys that I was over it.
 “And the story ends just like that.”
 “I don’t want it.”
 “Or you do.”
 “If you quit wanting something that you can’t have, you do not have much of a story anymore.”
 “I just want something mean something for now.”
 “Where is all that stuff?”
 “In some storage place.”
 “Where have you been all this time?”
 “They locked me in a room somewhere in Alabama.”
 “We all love each other.”
 “UNTIL WE DON’T.”
 “I am carrying your baby.”
 “How did this even happen?”
 “You put something in my tea.”
 “We are living with the worst of our mediocrity.”

“YOU DISAPPEARED ON ME WHEN I REALLY NEEDED YOU.”
“I was a rigger helping on music festivals.”
“Religious revivals.”
“You can make all this happen in some field out in the middle of nowhere.”
“All the happiness catches up to you in a single moment.”
“You have no idea what is going on there.”
“They hurt their people.”
“Things happened too quickly.”
“Are you looking for a world history lesson?”
“This is worse than I can imagine.”
“Will you understand any better?”
“HE IS COMING.”
“Put it all in the market and watch it crash.”
“You hang out with the worst people”
“How much money do I have to pay?”
“Your allowance.”
“I don’t get it.”
“TAKE IT, OR FUCKING LEAVE IT.”
“I DO NOT KNOW YOU.”
“I cannot do this on my own.”
“Love me.”
“That is pathetic.”
“Roll him up, and put him in the ambulance.”
“That is what I do.”
“Who is that guy sleeping in the car?”
“Is he alive?”
“I need to look at the next line.”
“I AM THE WORST. YOU DID NOT LISTEN TO WHAT I WAS SAYING.”
“What kind of world is this?”
“Why do they even care about these things that happen on the other side of the world?”
“Because that is the other side of who you are, and if you can’t see that the world is a little more complex, then you are not really seeing much of anything.”